

The Challenge by flippyspoon

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Summary:

There are some things even Billy Hargrove won't do.

The Challenge

“I can do it,” Steve said, fixing Billy with a serious expression.

“Okay sure.” Billy appeared to be agreeable which meant he was being patronizing which only served to infuriate Steve more. And what was worse, he was already naked. Well, mostly naked. He was down to his Calvins. He was about as sated as he could stand to be, but now he had been challenged and was all riled up again. He knelt on the bed and pushed back his now catastrophic post-coital hair and glared at Billy.

“I can’t believe you don’t believe me,” Steve said. “I’ve done it before.”

“Right sure.”

“Anybody can *do* it, Billy.”

“Not *anybody*.”

Steve rolled his eyes. “Fine, a lot of people then.”

“I don’t think you have the balls to do it for me.”

“No?” Steve said, brown eyes bugging out.

“Do you? Go ahead then.”

“I bet *you* can’t!” Steve said.

“Pfft. *I’ve* never even tried it.”

“Ha!”

“But *I’m* not the one making wild claims-”

“Oh my God, this is so stupid, okay I’m going to do it.”

Billy grinned and then stifled a laugh.

“Shut up! I’m going to!”

“Okay.”

“Not in my bedroom-”

“Oh Christ.”

“It won’t work. C’mon out into the hall.”

“In the *hall*?”

“Yeah yeah. Nobody’s home.”

“Jesus.”

Billy pulled on a pair of Steve’s pajama pants and followed Steve into the hallway, appreciating the view of his ass hugged by a tight pair Calvin Kleins.

“Alright, Harrington,” Billy said, crossing his arms, and leaning in the doorway. “Show me whatcha got.”

“Uhh...” Steve glanced around and grabbed Billy by his sleeve. “Wait, stand over...here.” He stood Billy by the stairs so he had a good view of an open length of hallway.

Steve jogged over to the left Billy, his barefeet cold on the hardwood floor. He nodded a beat to himself and then slid one foot back, his heel coming up in a fluid movement movement just as the other followed.

“Billie Jean! Is not my lovah! She’s just a girl who claims that I am the one!”

He was nearly on key.

Billy blurted a laugh but he applauded. It was an impressive moonwalk, especially considering Steve was barefoot.

Steve moonwalked back and forth through the hall a couple times and then came over to punch Billy in the shoulder. “Told you!”

“You got me, ya got me.”

“Billy Hargrove is not my lovah!” Steve sang. “He’s just a boy whose dick I’ve suuucked in my rooom-”

“Oh my God, Harrington.”